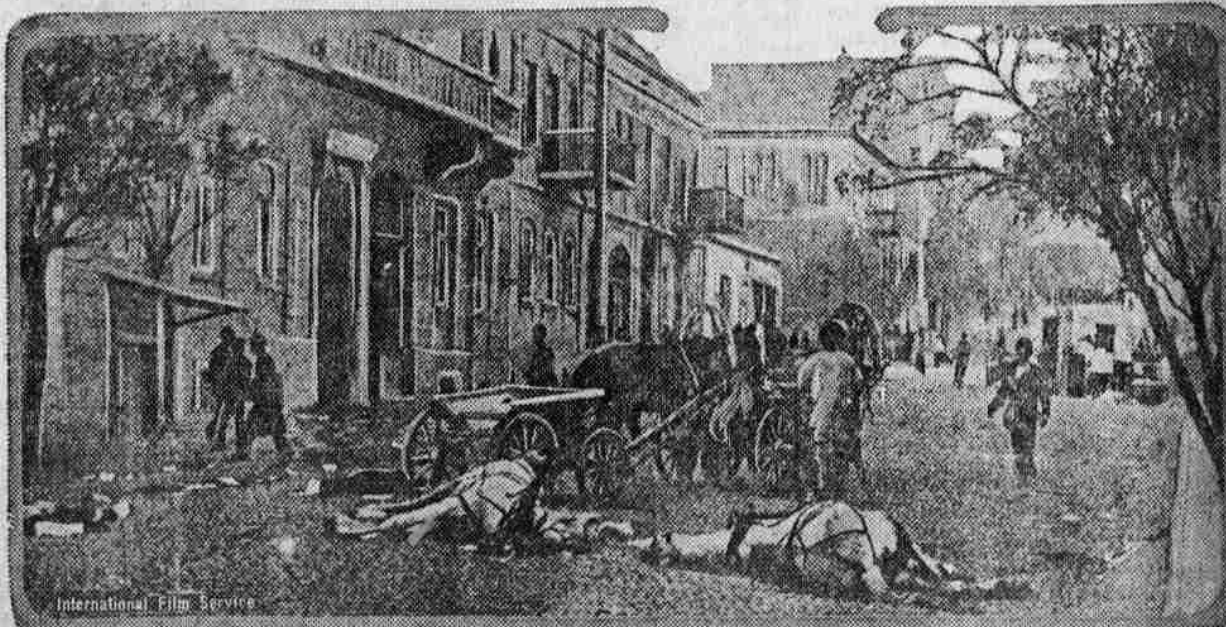




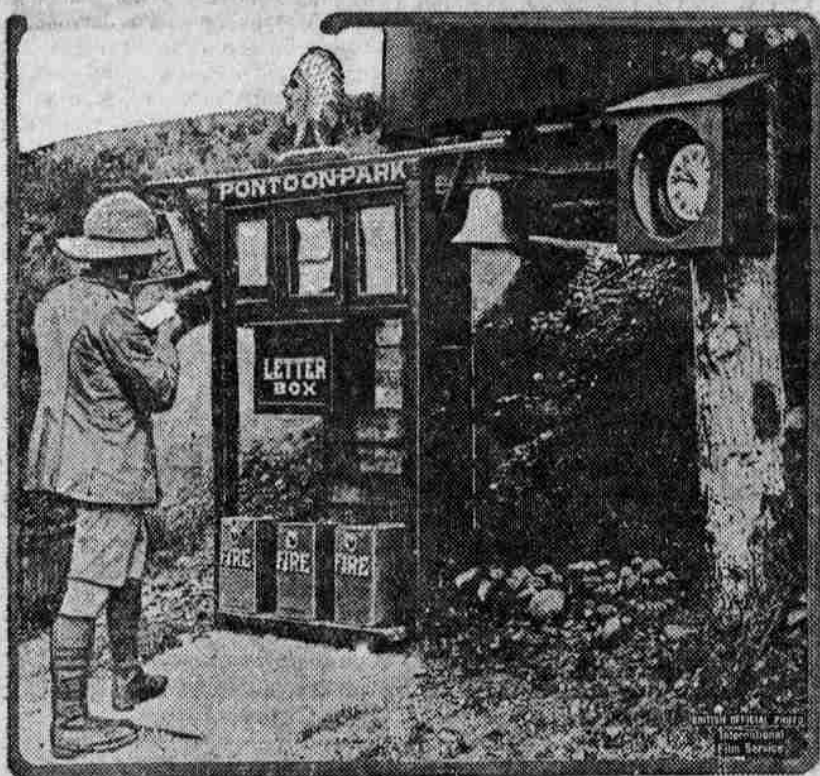
1—British antiaircraft gun crew in action, shelling an enemy plane. 2—Freight yard in France where American soldiers are busy sending supplies to their comrades at the front. 3—American army engineers at Harbin, where they are helping to reorganize the railway lines of Siberia.

SCENE IN BAKU WHICH WAS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH



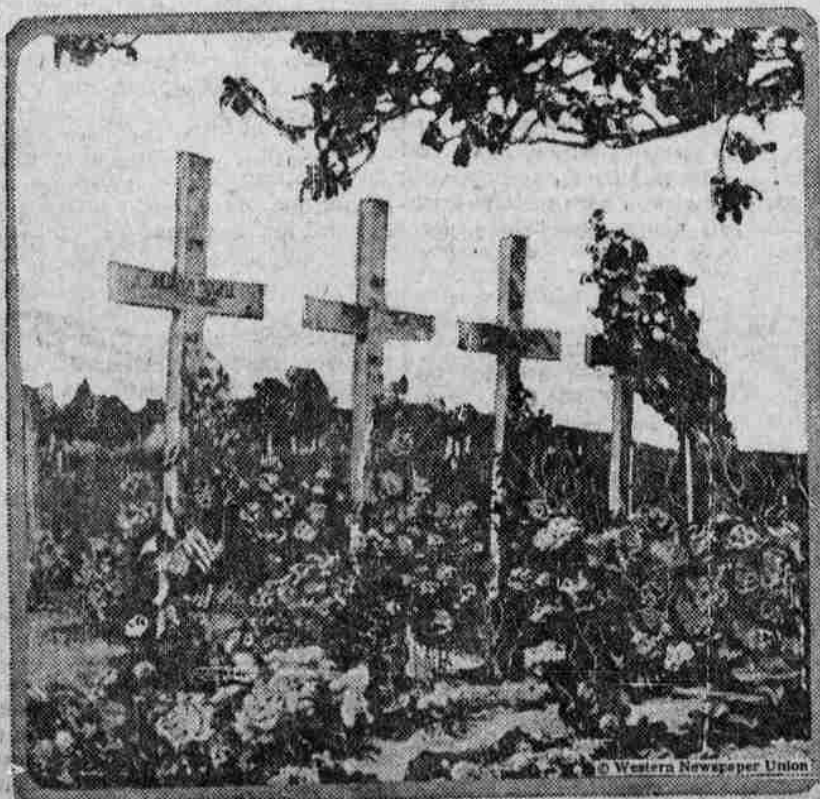
A British force recently captured the defenses of Baku, the important center of the Caspian sea oil district. The photograph was taken just after a fight in the streets of the city.

"PUBLIC UTILITIES" IN ARMY CAMP



Here are the "public utilities" of a British army camp in Italy, the post office, the fire station, the town clock and the bulletin board all together. A Tommy is about to mail a letter to his best girl at home.

WHERE AMERICAN HEROES SLEEP



The graves of United States officers in an American cemetery in Tours, France, decorated with French and American flags and covered with roses.

RED CROSS DOING ITS BIT AT HOME

Aids in Contentment of Families of Our Soldiers.

PROVIDES RELIEF FOR NEEDY

Human Touch Is Found Necessary in Addition to the Allotments of Pay and Various Allowances From the Government.

(From the Committee on Public Information, Washington, D. C.)

Last Christmas a woman walked into the office of one of the Red Cross home-service stations and laid down \$21.50. It represented the profits of a luncheon served at her home for the benefit of the children of the soldiers of the First Separate battalion.

"It is my bit," she said. "You were all so good to me when I was sick that I wanted to do something for others now that I am able to."

This woman has been one of the first applicants for relief from the home service of the Red Cross. Her husband had volunteered in the army, and, after his enlistment, she had done such heavy work that her health had broken down. She had been ill in bed and had been attended by a doctor who had signed false certificates for her insurance. Finally, in despair, she sent word to the local Red Cross.

The Red Cross home worker came to see her and learned the facts in the case. A better physician was secured, and it was found that she had incipient tuberculosis. She was immediately sent for treatment to a tuberculosis dispensary, where she remained during the summer. Within a few months she had improved so wonderfully that she could hardly be recognized as the same woman.

This was only one of a very large number of cases in which the Red Cross has proved a blessing to the families of our fighting men.

War disturbs the even current of our lives. Few indeed are the families who are not intimately touched by the call which has gone forth to the young men of the nation. Sons, brothers, fathers, and close friends have gone to the training camps, or will soon go. They will leave more gladly if they can be assured that the ones they love are being watched and cared for in every possible way during their absence.

The Human Touch Needed.

Most soldiers have a friend to whom they can entrust the welfare of the mothers and wives. But many have not.

The government does the best it can by providing allotments of pay and allowances for the families of soldiers and sailors. But something more is necessary. The human touch is needed. There are bound to be emergencies which call for ministrations of a special and extraordinary sort; situations calling for wits, and resourcefulness. Obviously the best way to deal with such cases is to turn them over to trained social workers, whose skill and experience fit them to deal with these troubles. Hence, the government has done a wise thing in turning over to the home-service workers of the American Red Cross official responsibility for such soldiers' and sailors' families as come into difficulties.

The home-service work of the Red Cross is a logical extension of its mission of mercy. No other organization has so splendid a record in administering relief, and none is better equipped to do what is now required. Its service stations are established in every district of the United States, and it is well prepared to look after the dependents of army and navy men wherever they may be found.

The soldier is apt to worry most over his wife and babies. And this is not to be wondered at, because the predicaments they may fall into are legion. The story which has already been told illustrates one type of danger which may lie in wait for the soldier's wife. The records of the Red Cross are filled with stories of service rendered to the wives and children.

One of the home-service officers received from a young corporal a letter which contained these sentences: "I am so thankful for all you have done for me. I will never know how to thank you. But for the help that you extended to us we would have been in a destitute condition."

Lost Their Baggage.

The story behind this simple testimony was a pathetic one. The husband had been ordered to Washington from a Western post. On the way all the family baggage had been lost. They recovered only \$25 from the railroad company, and when they finally decided to appeal to the Red Cross the wife was nursing a baby a few days old.

The Red Cross worker found them living in a very poor little house. The oldest child, a boy of nine, was doing all the work for the family. His little sister, eight years old, had absolutely no clothing and was wrapped in a strip of flannel. A caretaker was secured for the mother, and the boy was sent back to school. Then clothing was secured for the little girl. When the mother was able to get up it appeared that she had no clothes which were really fit to wear. When the Red Cross visitor first saw her up and about the house she was wearing one old white woman's shoe and one man's shoe and had on a threadbare wrapper. A remarkably good outfit was purchased for \$25; a pair of shoes, a coat, a skirt, a hat, two waists, and two corset covers.

After the start, things began to be better. The husband made an allotment of his pay and took out war-risk insurance. As soon as the payments from these sources began to come in the family will no longer be in need of financial assistance. In the meantime the Red Cross worker is keeping in touch with them.

Children's Welfare First.

Nothing is more vital than the welfare of the children. One of the home-service directors issued this statement to the workers of the district: "The home service is especially interested in children, and we feel that its most important service is in the conservation of the child and the home for the future. For this reason we stand ready to see that any child does not have to leave school to go to work because its father has either volunteered or has been drafted into the army. We also stand ready to see that no woman with small children has to go to work because her husband or son is serving the country as a soldier or sailor."

A short time ago it was reported to the Red Cross home service station in one of the cities that a little girl of fifteen was about to be taken out of school because her family needed the money she could earn. Irene's father was dead. Her oldest brother, Alex, was contributing \$10 a week to the family treasury, but he was saving to get married, and that was all that he could spare. The second boy, Joseph, had enlisted. The oldest girl, Helen, made \$10 a week, while Harry, sixteen years old and just returned from a runaway jaunt, only earned \$7. There was another little girl, eleven years old, who was still in school.

The Red Cross worker explained to Irene's mother why she felt so strongly that the child ought to have at least a grammar-school education. In June she would be through with the grammar grades, and in the meantime the Red Cross offered to pay Irene's family \$8 a week, which was about all that she could be expected to earn. The arrangement was made, and Irene is still in school, while the mother is gradually paying off her debts. When June comes Irene will graduate, and she will probably be able to earn more than \$8 a week.

It is a splendid thing to help deserving families, but it is still better to put them in a position to help themselves. That is, of course, the ultimate purpose of social work as it is practiced nowadays. One of the large home-service sections was able to carry through a very large job of this sort recently.

Pawned His Wooden Leg.

Douglas, the eldest boy, was in the navy. The second boy, William, was consumed with a desire to enlist, too. He had tried, but had been turned down because of a physical disqualification, and, in rage and disappointment, he had gone off to the West where he wandered for several months. When he finally came home, he, too, settled down to be a charity patient. A third boy, Raymond, seventeen years old, had also taken to tramping, although he had a wooden leg, the souvenir of an accident in the railroad yards when he was a small boy. When absent one of his likes the enterprising gentleman ran out of funds and chose the expedient of pawning his wooden leg. Helen, the oldest girl, had St. Vitus' dance, and there were five younger children, all of them growing up in dirt and ignorance.

By the time the mother applied to the Red Cross for help the family was suffering for want of food. The worker paid a visit to the household and found the conditions as they have been described.

First of all, food was supplied to the family and their most pressing wants were met. Then a court order was secured requiring the father to stay away from his family. He was always drunk, and his laziness and bad temper were the principal causes of the family shiftlessness.

Then the problem of William was attacked. It developed that his rejection for service in the navy was due to his being underweight. He simply had not had enough to eat nor food of the proper sort. It was arranged that he should go to the Y. M. C. A. cafeteria for his meals, and that he should go to the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium to exercise. In an incredibly short time he was able to pass his physical examination for the navy. His only disappointment was that he could not be taken right away. The Red Cross worker was able to arrange that, too. In view of the special circumstances, the recruiting officer found a place for him immediately.

Methersing Faults.

If a chicken hen is used for a mother to poults, keep her housed until the poults are old enough to be weaned.

Cockerels to Keep.

Keep over till fall and winter only such young cockerels as will be used or sold for breeding next winter.

Watch Baby Chicks.

Watch over your baby chicks and all young stock to keep the flock free of any that are runts or weaklings.

Bank Up the Well.

Is the well banked up so that surface water does not find its way in? Surface water running into wells is the prevalent cause of typhoid fever and various other fevers. A little work in time may save a serious spell of sickness later.

Helping the Land.

If you want to make your soil better year by year you must cultivate well, drain well and in the most economical way add humus and plantfood.

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

FOR EACH OTHER'S SAKE.

A grizzled Scotch banker in New York was bidding goodbye to his son, a young lieutenant, ordered overseas. "Dad," said the boy, "you could give me something I'd rather have than \$25,000." "What's happened to you, my boy, that a big bunch of money like that seems a trifle?" "Nothing, father, but there's a thing you could do that I'd rather have than all kinds of money." "And what might that thing be?"

Then the young man with the single silver shoulder bar looked his gruff-tender father straight in the face and said, as if he meant it, "Dad, I wish you'd promise me to cut out the whiskey while I'm gone." The father bristled up. "Why, boy, you know I never take too much. You know how little I drink here at home, and I don't booze in business hours. What's got into you, boy?"

But the boy persisted until the man said, "Son, you're going into temptations you never dreamed of over there. You'll need all the stiffening you can get to keep straight. I'll promise you to be prohibition if you'll promise me not to forget your mother and your covenant vows."

And father and son shook hands on it.

When the banker's friends down town see him refuse to join them in a noon-day cocktail or an evening highball, they wonder what has come over him. He is thinking of the lad who is with Pershing, and he will keep faith.

There are many American fathers and mothers in these days who are living nearer to the level of their better selves, for the sake of the brightly sons who have embarked on the great adventure overseas.—The Christian Advocate.

ALCOHOL NOT A STIMULANT.

Fifteen years ago, it was believed by competent scientific authorities that alcohol to some extent stimulated respiration because it seemed to cause an increase in the volume of air passing through the lungs, which was thought to increase the absorption of oxygen. In the interval, it has been learned that the mere amount of air that goes into and out of the lungs does not necessarily measure its value to the tissues and the cells where gases are exchanged. The air must not only pass into the lungs, but it must get out into the tissues beyond the "dead space" in the lungs. Some new careful experiments in the nutritional laboratory of the Carnegie institution of Washington, lately reported by Harold L. Higgins, show that after taking into consideration all the factors of respiration, alcohol, when given in a way to exclude other factors such as activity or the digestion of food, in amounts of from one to one and one-half ounces, indirectly acts upon respiration as a depressant, not as a stimulant. There is not much, if anything, left of the old stimulant theory, and it is time that everybody stopped using the term "stimulants" as a synonym for alcohol.—The Union Signal.

BEER CRIMINOLOGY.

A woman physician, Dr. Mary F. Cushman, of Maine, writes as follows: "If anything has ever demonstrated the evil of beer drinking, it is surely the present war. Years ago, when specializing in mental and nervous diseases, I was taught that alienists had proved the crimes for which distilled liquors were responsible, are crimes of passion unpremeditated, and often a horror to the perpetrator when he recovers from the effects of his drink. The habitual use of malt liquors, however, so affects the moral sense as to lead to deliberate crimes, carefully planned, coolly executed, without compunction or remorse. Germany, the great beer-drinking nation, has simply illustrated this in a war conducted along the above lines of beer criminology. What does our nation want of the drink that makes men capable of the atrocities perpetrated by Germany?"

HOW HE IS HANDICAPPED.

The drinking man is the first man to get sick, and the last man to get well, says Rev. M. A. Lambing in the Pittsburgh Observer.

He is the first man to lose his friends and the last man to appreciate them.

He is the first man on the toboggan to poverty and the last man to get on his feet to find his way out.

He is the first man to get hit by accident and the last man to recover.

He is the last man to get a job and the first man to lose it.

He is the first man to die and the last man to provide for his family.—The Pioneer.

WHY NOT?

"Why don't the saloons put their finished product in their windows? A merchant will put his best goods in his window, but the saloons call a policeman for their finished product, have him carted off to jail out of sight of everyone, and have him returned after he has sobered up to refinish the job."—W. J. Bryan.

God gives us abundant material for food to sustain life. Man turns millions of that material into drink that destroys life. Help stop it.